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MUSICAL MUSINGS



GILMORE

Musical Musings

BY
ELIZABETH McCABE GILMORE



Price \$3.00



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OPINIONS

"Lyrics of exceptional charm."—Matinee Musical Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Lyrics of distinction by an author of versatile and resourceful temperament, known to her friends as 'the wonderful little woman.'"—Des Moines Register, Des Moines, Ia.

"Perfectly wonderful stuff."—Sim Crabill, Times-Mirror Pub. Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

"Lyrics of a highly gifted writer who recites her own compositions in a most charming manner."—"Orange Co. Plain Dealer," Anaheim, Cal.

"Nuggets of gold."—Prof. F. R. Schiller, of Universities of Munich, Bavaria, and Grenoble, France.

"Delicately modulated whispers of inspiration."—Dr. Guy Bogart, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Irresistible charm—fine sense of rhythm—choice of words full of color."—Chas. E. Pemberton, Composer-Violinist, Los Angeles.

"Beautiful!"—Vincent Rose, Composer-Pianist, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Charming thoughts expressed in beauty—they are lyrics that live—and bound along until they bring out the best that is in me."—Sol Cohen, Composer-Violinist, Los Angeles, Cal.

"The Author has the conception of the poet, the talent for poetical expression, and possesses the feeling for rhythmic musical value that sets a high standard for her lyrics, in making them appealingly suitable for musical settings."—Pacific Coast Musician, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Pleasing in readings of her charming works."—Los Angeles Examiner, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Like pearls clasped in precious gold."—Georgina S. Townsend, Pres. So. Cal. Woman's Press Club.

"The lyrics, as a whole, are superior in art, poetical workmanship and appeal to any it has been my pleasure to read for you for many months, and am sure the average poetical critic cannot fail to see the music and beauty, poetical worth and merit in the lines presented, if launched in cover fittingly."—(Mrs. Wentworth.)

"For cover issue in the verse field, the lines are not only worthy of preservation, but unusually so; they cannot be other than received and reviewed very highly by the average press and poetical critic, for there is more actual poetry in these lines presented than is often noted in compilations of verse lines."—(Mr. Herrick.) Roxburgh Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

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BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES OF YOU

(Music by John David Beall)

When shadows of evening are gath'ring
About me when daylight is done,
Fond memories of you, dear, come creeping—
Recalling the days that are gone;
Days that we two spent together—
Those golden days ever new,
As we strolled hand in hand o'er life's fairest
strand
In my beautiful memories of you.

Refrain

Memories, memories, oh, how they will recall
The smiles and the tears of yester-years,
Then, you were my joy—my all.
Memories, memories, how sweetly the past
they renew
For still you are mine, dear, your love is divine
In my beautiful memories of you.

From paths that so blithely we trod, dear,
In days of the sweet long ago,
We've drifted apart, but still sleeping
Lies love that no other will know.
Meet me tonight in love's dream, dear,
Life's dream of love that we knew;
Just to know the sweet pain of your presence
again
In my beautiful memories of you.

STAR OF THE NIGHT

(Music by Sol Cohen)

Star of the night,
My Heavenly light,
When sweet dreams implore me
Thy vigil is o'er me
Guarding my slumbers
Far into the night.

Star of the night,
With your twinkling light,
Guard our loved ones afar—
Be thou, too, their good star
When heavy eyes sleep,
Oh, star of the night!

SKIES ARE DARK WHEN YOU'RE AWAY

(Music by Ernest R. Ball)

Nothin's out of tune with me—
Nothin's wrong the livelong day;

But when even comes along
That's when most I miss your song.

Tired eyes and heavy heart—
Wonder why we had to part?

In a world like this to stay
Skies are dark—when you're away.

All day long the skies seem blue—
'Cause I'm thinkin' most of you;

But when darkness brings the gloom
Then you must be comin' soon.

Longin' so to have you, dear,
Out of "somewhere" into here.

Think sometimes I hear you say,
"Skies are dark—when you're away."

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LOVE'S SPRINGTIME

(Music by Vincent Rose)

Mocking birds are singing—
Mission bells are ringing—
Maytime showers are bringing
Red roses to your feet.
Western sunbeams sinking
Keep my heart e'er thinking,
Dear, when I'll be linking
My love with yours, my sweet.

Joyous hearts are lighter
Weaving love thoughts tighter—
Moonbeam time is brighter
'Mid flowers' sweet perfume.
Fairy skies are beaming
Love for you, till seeming
Of you I'm e'er dreaming
When hearts and flowers bloom.

CALL ME "SWEETHEART"

When days seem to darken with shadows
 Of clouds one can scarcely define,
 My thoughts drift to roaming the meadows
 With you, where it's ever sunshine.
 The light of your loved eyes expresses
 "Life, dear, is love only in part;
 Then live for her tender caresses—
 Live, love, and call me 'Sweetheart.' "

Refrain

Call me "Sweetheart" in love's springtime—
 Forget not to love me in June;
 Roses are rarer in autumn—
 Still sweeter their winter perfume.

I know then, the clouds are my fairies
 That gather to tell me 'tis true
 In haunting the wild woods and prairies,
 They never have found one like you;
 The joy of your sweet consolation—
 Sunshine to my life you impart;
 Your love, dear, is my inspiration—
 Live, love, and call me "Sweetheart."

THE SOUL OF YOU

(Music by Vincent Rose)

Somewhere in the breath of the morning—
Somewhere in the sunset's red glow—
Somewhere in the starlight of evening
When whispering winds come and go,
My thoughts break away from their moorings
And drifting—they drift on into
That 'somewhere' of someone that thrills me—
They've found there the soul of you.

With you—in the beautiful dawning
That only the waking birds know—
With you—in the hush of the evening
When softly the nightly winds blow—
With you in the radiant noontide
Then mists of the morn turn to blue!
Forever I'd drift—for in drifting
I've found, there the soul of you.

DADDY, THERE'S A BOY IN YOUR EYES

For a last good night hug, and with eyes full
of glee,

My little boy laughingly climbs on my knee.

"Now fink of a story, dear Daddy, for me,
And be ready to start when I say 'one, two,
free.'"

But the story's forgotten, when Daddy's boy
cries,

"Oh, Daddy boy—Daddy, there's a boy in
your eyes!"

A boy in my eyes? Thank God! I have
tried

To live such a life other men might deride;
But victory is mine—and the recompense
sweet;

Temptations are trifles—my joy is complete;
For no fancied pleasure from aught could arise
To equal "dear Daddy, there's a boy in your
eyes."

Note: Winner of second place in poem contest of Southern California Woman's Press Club, March 16th, 1921.

Judges: Miss Elsa Caldwell, Student of Literature; Mrs. Collins Eastwood, Author of two books, and critic; Miss Alice Moore, formerly Dean of Occidental College; Dr. Edmund Walters, Prof. of English, of Oxford University.

THAT MEMORY SMILE OF MOTHER

(Music by Sol Cohen)

It comes to me at break of day—
It comes to me at work or play;
And, oh, the joy that comes my way
In that memory smile of Mother.

It's all the world to me, today—
It's all the world to me alway;
It's strength in weakness—would I stray
From that memory smile of Mother?

And if, perchance, by fate I stand
On other shores, or foreign land,
I'm not alone—she holds my hand
With that memory smile of Mother.

Sometimes I tremble—lest her love
Will soar away to God above,
And leave me here—my trust to prove
To that memory smile of Mother;

And then, I hear her whisper low,
Remember, dear, God wills it so;
Love lives on High, as here below
In that memory smile of Mother.

Oh, precious pearl of priceless worth!
Oh, memory sweet in Heaven or Earth!
The gift to Man God gave at birth
In that memory smile of Mother.

LOVE'S CALL TO SPRING

Sweetheart, dear, won't you hear?
Spring and love is in the air;
After sleeping flowers are peeping
From their cove'lets everywhere.

Refrain

Springtime, oh fairy springtime,
You know my love is true—
Springtime, oh, gentle springtime,
My heart is calling you.

Show me the bridal pathway—
Lead me to love alone,
Gently unlock the gateway—
Lead me to love and home.

Listen, dear, far and near
Birds are warbling in their nests—
Mates are wooing with their cooing
Come, and make me happiest.

SMILING SKIES

Thinking of you—thinking of you
From early dawn to evening dew;
Of you—of you—your heart e'er true
And all the loving things you do
To make life full of happiness;
God sent you, dear, my life to bless.

I only know when you are near
I never seem to think or fear
The things that go to make life sad—
I only know that I am glad.
I only know your smiling eyes
Teach me to smile at smiling skies.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

Dear little treasure of mine, so sweet—
Heart of my heart, I list for your feet;
Would I could hear your laughter so gay—
My arms are so empty since you went away.

Seems but a day since I kissed you there—
Loved you, and smoothed out your tresses
so fair;
Now I am longing for you night and day—
My arms are so empty since you went away.

Why do the hours and days go slow
Instead of the happiness we used to know?
You would my shadows in brightness array.
My arms are so empty—since you went away.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ME, DEAR?

Do you remember the day we first met?
Days too, that followed—I'll never forget.
Oh, mem'ry sweeter with each passing year—
Have you forgotten—forgotten me, dear?

Refrain

Have you forgotten those hours of bliss?
Have you forgotten our lingering kiss?
Have you forgotten—I'm longing to hear;
Have you forgotten—forgotten me, dear?

Do you remember the woods and the hills
Shading so softly the whispering rills?
Sweet scented twilight invitingly near—
Have you forgotten—forgotten me, dear?

Do you remember how moments would glide?
Fading so swiftly with you by my side;
Ever a smile for me—never a tear;
Have you forgotten—forgotten me, dear?

ROMINY

I'm feelin' blue, and sort o' lonesome—
No one to tell my troubles to;
Ain't feelin' right—I want to moan some—
Guess I don't know what is best to do.

Refrain

So—I'll go a roamin', and somewhere in the
 gloamin'
I'll find a sweetheart, true;
Someone to cheer me—someone always near
 me—
Just a sweetheart pal—like you.

Stars, peepin' through your dreamy eyelids,
Always I tell my doubts to you;
Where is the secret of my heart hid?
Winkin' then, they tell me what to do.

CAPTAINS OF MEN

Here's to the boys of American fame
Who enlisted to show Uncle Sam they were
game
For service at home or an overseas fight
When he called "To the Colors! for God and
the Right!"

The nations of Europe continue to brawl,
And America answers the S. O. S. call.
America! God! who could ever despise her
To end this mad game and teach men to live
wiser?

Our eyes fill with mist at first thought of
parting,
Yet, pride in our Nation compels us to win.
Our God in His goodness will stand by Old
Glory
And bring back our heroes—the Captains of
Men.

So here's to the sons of the Colors, so true,
Who go forth to battle—for me, and for you.
They go forth in justice—their cause to pro-
claim—
They go forth to conquer—in Liberty's name!

TWILIGHT WITH YOU
(Music by Chas. E. Pemberton)

Oft in the twilight and sweet-scented dew
I walk in a garden—I walk, dear, with you;
Hearing your voice as the shadows fall
I live o'er our love dream—the sweetest
of all.

Refrain

Sweetest of memories—the memory of you,
Surely the future holds dreams that come true;
Born of our smiles, they will live through the
tears—
Born of our love, dear, they live through the
years.

Oft too, at night, when the day's work is o'er,
In fancy I see a sweet face at the door,
Smiling a welcome, so tender, so true—
Oh, wonderful hour of twilight with you.

SILVERY STREAM

(Music by Sol Cohen)

Drifting far out on a silvery stream—
Wandering on I merrily dream;
Slowly I go floating down—
Down—down deep into my dream.

Dreaming of home and of only you—
Dreaming of two laughing eyes of blue.
I your lover and you my queen—
Drifting down life's silvery stream.

THE ACCIDENT

I'm sad today 'n' everything,
My pretty bird has hurt his wing;
He knows I'm sorry as I can be—
I know from the way he just looks at me.

He sits with his head so quietly bent,
And watches my every move, intent,
Wond'ring if, maybe, I'm coming his way
With a wee crust of bread or apple gay.

He tries to tell me it's hurting him so—
I just wish that naughty old hurt would go;
Then, I'd be happy—and maybe, he,
Hearing me laugh, would again sing for me.

MOTHER'S ARMS

Ofttimes at night when I'm weary
I think, Oh, how happy I'd be
To turn back the years to my childhood
And kneel, Mother dear, at your knee.
That hour of sweet recollection
When games, books and toys lost their charms
To the smile of your loving affection
When you gathered me close in your arms.

Refrain

Oh, loving lays of childhood days
They thrill me with their charms;
I live again their sweet refrain
And dream—of Mother's arms.

Oft, too, I hear in my dreaming
The hum of your soft lullabies,
When softly the sandman comes, seeming
To borrow the light of our eyes;
Then, all the world waits—and listens—
Forgetting her joys and alarms
To live for one moment the pleasure
Of her childhood—and Mother's dear arms.

FOR MEMORY'S SAKE

(Music by Sol Cohen)

Each morning when grey dawn is turning to
blue

And only the birds are awake,
I listen—and know they are singing to you—
To you—just for memory's sake.

Each day, too, I walk where the humming
bee sips

His sweetest of honey, and take
A flower from his garden and press to my lips
For you—just for memory's sake.

Each evening, when starlight is peeping
through blue

And birds to their wee nestlings take,
In fancy I hold you—love's arms enfold you
Again, dear, for memory's sake.

CALIFORNIA

If you would know a land more fair
Than all the wealth of jewels rare—
Where you would spend your hours of ease
In breathing zephyrs from the seas—
Where stately mountains boldly rise
To kiss the blue of azure skies—
Where sunsets glow with radiant fire—
Come to the land of heart's desire.
Come to the land the songbirds know—
The land of love—where poppies grow.

CASTLES OF LOVE

We met in a garden enchanted, one day,
Enchanted with love's rosy hue;
Like castles in air our bright hopes so fair
Were builded on dreams coming true.

Refrain

Then live for the day that will near pass away
'Twill live with the bright stars above.
When again, dear, we share the soft perfumed air,
Our beautiful castles of love.

Oft fairest of flowers are watered in tears,
Yet grown to it's fullness of bloom
Our smiles will beguile all the gloom after-
while
When together we breathe its perfume.

DECORATION DAY

(To Marguerite)

So sweetly, dear, you seem to hear
Our thoughts of love expressed
In flowers sweet, laid at your feet
With loving hands caressed.

Shine brightly, then, O summer sun,
Oh, gently breezes blow,
Green sod, lie lightly o'er our dead
As seasons come and go.

Sleep sweetly, dear, nor dream of fear—
Love's star is ever bright;
Its rays of gold your bed enfold,
There is no dark called Night.

BECAUSE I CAN'T HELP LOVING YOU

I know a smile that is tender—
I know a heart that is true;
A presence—the joy I'll remember
Because I can't help loving you.

Refrain

You drive away all of my sadness—
You turn my grey skies to blue;
The thought of your love is my gladness
Because I can't help loving you.

Somehow the world would be lonely—
The song in my heart would die too,
If you would forget, dear, to love me
Because I can't help loving you.

DREAMS COME TRUE

(Music by Chas. E. Pemberton)

Watching the sun as he sinks to rest,
Kissing the blue from the ocean's breast,
I feel your presence ever near
Whisp'ring the words love taught you, dear.

Refrain

Love's golden dream—the dream of youth,
Love's golden dream of fancied truth;
Dreams will come true and you'll return,
Dear heart, for you alone I yearn;
Yearning to press you once more to my heart,
Hearing you say that we ne'er shall part.
Shadows may darken our pathway, 'tis true,
But fate will be kind, dear, and dreams
 come true.

Gently as stars peep through skies of blue,
Breathing the thought, "Dear, I love but you,"
I hear these words and dry my tears,
"I'll love you, dear, throughout the years."

WONDERFUL YOU

Ofttimes when alone, in my dreaming
I utter a halfnote sigh
In wondering what I would do, dear,
Were it not for the smile in your eye.

You came to me out of that "Somewhere"
That gray skies might ever be blue;
I wonder why Heaven so loved me
When He sent me His wonderful you.

For yours is a smile that is tender—
Born of a soul that is true;
And ever my dark days grow fair, dear,
In the light of my wonderful you.

MY PHILOSOPHY

We oft weary sometimes in our doing—
Discouragement creeps in our cup;
But there's always more joy than things
 to annoy
If we stop to figure it up.

A wonderful World in the making
Will never go very far wrong
If we greet her with grace her trials to face,
Till they fade in the birth of a song.

HIS GIFT

His comrades are leaving—they're coming
home,
And a gift of rare jewels he'd send
To a dear little Mother across the foam,
But he sends her this message instead.

"Dearest Mother of mine, they are coming
home,
And each with a treasure in store
For one he loves best, when she clasps to her
breast
The form of the loved one she bore.

It's little you'd care what I laid at your feet—
Be it ribbon, or crest or shawl;
But what if I bring to you nothing, my sweet?
Maybe never come home at all.
Oh, but you'll know, dearest mother, you'll
know,
Two things I'll have treasured to send—
My honor—for which you in love bade me go
And my love—my love to the end."

LET US BE HAPPY, LOVE

(Music by Sol Cohen)

Let us be happy, love,
Just for today.
Together we'll watch the dark
Clouds roll away.
Life was not meant to be
Sorry and sad;
No trouble to borrow—be
Merry and glad
Just for today—just for today.

Let us be happy, love,
Just for today,
Let's sing and the shadows about
Us will play.
Let's dance and be merry, for
Glad hearts are gay;
Nor think of tomorrow—let's
Live for today;
Just for today—just for today.

MY DADDY

My Daddy is such a fine fellow—
Like Daddy there's only a few;
Sometimes he comes in and says "Hello,
I have a surprise—just for you."

I hope he will say it's the "Movies"—
But he keeps me waiting awhile
And then he says "Sure!" and I'm happy,
For he lets me sit on the aisle.

Refrain

Oh, Daddy, let's sit on the end seat—
For then I can see for a mile—
I love to sit on the end seat
So I can look down the aisle.

He buys me a big cake of choc'late—
A big bag of nice popcorn, too,
He treats me just like I'se his schoolmate—
Oh, Daddy, there's no one like you.

He knows what I like 'fore I tell him—
I surely do love him—and while
We sit hand in hand at the "Movies"
He let's me sit on the aisle.

THAT OTHER FELLER AN' ME

Most folks call me a gentleman—
I try to be—much as I can,
But somehow when I'm thinkin' I'm right
There's a feller inside of me wants to fight.

He says, "No use to be so good,"
An' things I wish I understood—
Till my head is dizzy as it can be.
Say! he ain't the kind of feller for me.

An' Pa an' Ma—they wonder why
I don't want'a smile—an' almost cry;
But Pa was a boy once—he ought to know
'Bout the feller who picks on boys who grow.

If I just knew how big he was
I'd fight him quick—I'd show him, 'cause
He ain't no business bother'n' me
When I'm just as good as I can be.

But that's the time he likes me best—
Just when I'm tired an' want to rest;
Then things hum around like a bat
Until I wonder where I'm at.

But wait till I grow to be a man—
An' then, I guess he'll change his plan;
He'll be passing me by—for won't he see
It takes a reg'lar feller for ME?

MY SOLDIER SON

(Music by E. S. S. Huntington)

He's answered the call to the Colors;
My heart! can I let him go?
Light of my life—so full of hope
With never a thought of woe.
In my eyes he reads the courage
My lips refuse to speak,
And a strong young arm encircles me
And proves the strength I seek.

Refrain

Mother, dear, you're wonderful!
Mother, dear, you're great!
In your dear eyes you seem to say,
"Go forth, but not in hate.
You're loaned to me to test my best.—
Be strong, dear heart, He'll do the rest."

He's answered the call to the Colors!
And proudly we sent him away,
With a smile in his eye, and a fond "Good-by"
He's off to the battle fray.
No more do I look for his coming
To greet me when daylight's done
For he's proving his worth for freedom on earth
In the role of my Soldier Son.

LOVE IS ALL

I know 'tis love that breathes a sigh when tiny
sparrows fall
I know 'tis love that sends the fragrant dew;
But when I look into your eyes—I know that
love is all,
And I have found my paradise in you.

Refrain

I never knew that love is all—is all in life
worth while;
I never knew that love is all till you gave me
your smile.
I never knew that love is all—is all in life
that's true,
I never knew that love is all till I found love
in you.

I know 'tis love that makes the rose respondent
to the sun
Who breathes her perfumed zephyrs with his
kiss,
But when love weaves the hours with you, in
happiness begun
Then, love is all—is one eternal bliss.

THE PLACE WHERE MY DREAMS
COME TRUE

(Music by Chas. E. Pemberton)

There is a place in my memory—
There is a spot that's so dear to me—
There is a bit of the heart in me
Where my dreams—where my dreams come
true.

Love in your eyes and your sunlit hair—
Loving caresses and smiles you wear
Tell me the gladness that thrills me there—
Where my dreams—where my dreams come
true.

There when I'm weary I find sweet rest—
Place of all others that God has blest—
Dear little home in the great Out West,
Where my dreams—where my dreams come
true.

TO A STAR

Dear little star,
'Way up yonder, so bright,
You're a wonder to me,
With your silv'ry light.
Thousands at night
You are guarding I'm told;

Dear little star
Though, aren't you cold?
Watching all night, too;
And aren't you bold!
Or does that old man
In the moon care for you
Just as he watches o'er us
The years through?

ONLY A MEMORY

Only a memory of all I loved best—
Only a memory—that's all.
His soul has answered the summons of God
As he answered his Country's call.

'Twas only the clay that was laid away,
Out there with his comrades all,
For his precious soul with God remains
And hears my every call.

And as the shadows creep around
With each succeeding day,
God's light divine is guiding me,
And proves He is the way.

THE MOTH

Voyager on dusty wings,
Swift destroyer of good things,

Always groping in the dark,
Come out once and greet the lark.

Why this housing in the gloom
When the air is filled with bloom?

Change your mode of courting night.
Make new friends and know the light.

Though in darkness you were born,
Dust your wings, and greet the morn.

Once you do as others do
Hosts of friends will greet you, too.

“LOVE AND KISSES”

Fond lovers may tell of the wonderful spell
 a sail on a moonlighted sea;
While others may know of glad hearts all aglow
Over visions of fairest degree;

But no vision so fair—no spell can compare
With the floodtide of sweet ecstasy
That is flooding my soul like billows that roll,
When you send “love and kisses” to me.

OH, THAT SPANISH FANDANGO!

(Music by Chas. E. Pemberton)

That Spanish fandango—it's worse than the
"Tango"

To drive all your cares away;

What care I for tomorrow—there's more joy
than sorrow

Why not dance—be merry and gay.

Refrain

Oh, that Spanish fandango—oh, it's worse than
the "Tango"

To make you forgive and forget,

Oh, I'm wild, don't you see? o'er its sweet
melody

For it's sure got me going, you bet.

Were I granted a whirl with that beautiful girl

As she teasingly swirls and dips,

Just a whiff I would borrow to brighten
tomorrow

From that red, red rose of her lips.

From the Light Opera of same title.

MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG

I have a friend who is like no other,
One of those "closer than a brother;"
He greets me early—he greets me late,
And never complains if he's asked to wait.

And for every little kindness shown
A warmer friendship each day has grown.
With gleaming eyes, and tail agog—
Oh, now you've guessed—he's my neighbor's
dog.

Sometimes he asks if I think him a rover,
I tell him I think so over and over;
Then he looks so shy, as low he cowers—
"It's because your rug is softer than ours."

SOMEHOW

Somehow I bin feelin' blue
 'Roun' about heah widout you—
 Roamin' round dis clammy town—
 Eve'body weahs a frown.
 Ain't no livin' in dis place
 Whar dem white fo'ks hate mah race—
 Life's no song fo' me—I sweah
 I'm most wild in mah despaih.

Refrain

I'm fo' you, mah lil' gal—
 I'm fo' you—if yo' mah pal—
 I ain't got money—an' I ain't got pelf,
 But what do I ca'h if I got yo' self?

Somehow den, two big brown eyes
 Peeps right in an' lights mah skies.
 Den folks say "why how'd you do—
 You look fine an' happy, too,
 Whar's dat song you used to sing?"
 Clouds all gone—'n ev'ry thing.
 No moah blues aroun' heah, now;
 Lil' gal—I'm fo you, somehow.

ODE TO PETE

Now "Pete" is the name I've been christened,
 you see,
By the fairest of ladies, so sweet;
And my heart gives a bound at the sight or
 the sound
As she steps to my door and says "Pete?"

A wonderful mother, this lady so fair—
She's a mother of mothers to me.
Were I given my freedom not far would I stray
From the home she has fashioned for me.

We're always so happy—just we two—to stay
With our music and singing, you see.
No home in 'the tree tops with mine can
 compare—
I'm as happy as happy can be.

And then, too, at night when my Daddy comes
 home
He opens the door and allows me to roam
All round the big house till I'm sleepy, and
 then,
He lovingly carries me back home again.

I'm carefully tucked in a warm little nest
Where no harm can come to disturb my sweet
 rest;
For Daddy would never say "Close your eyes,
 sweet,"
If he thought any harm would come to his
 Pete.

ONLY JUST LONELY

I sit by the fireside's friendly glow
In the arms of my favorite chair;
While shadows caressingly flit to and fro
In their efforts to cheer me there.

The clock on the mantel ticks heavily near—
The night, too, is awfully dark;
I wonder if that is the raindrops I hear—
Or, is it the beat of my heart?

The air is so stifling—the hours go slow;
When out of the silence I hear,
A voice sweetly tender—it's thrilling me
through,
“You're only just lonely, my dear.”

FLOWERS OF MEMORY

Beautiful flower of memory—
Our flower that faded so fast,
You faded and died—yet, the grave is denied
The soul that you shared to the last.

Dear little flower of memory,
Somehow you are cheering us still;
We grope in the dark in our efforts to hark
To a voice that says "'tis His will."

His will that our flower of memory
Was wafted to heavenly heights
To live in his love with the angels above
Where days never turn into nights.

Beautiful flower of memory,
You bid us arise from despair,
For out of the gloom comes the radiant bloom
Of flowers of memory rare.

Listen, dear flower of memory,
And know how we're missing your smile;
Be the star of our night to guide us aright
Till we meet in the sweet afterwhile.

AGAIN

When sunbeams dip at the end of day
Into the blue of the ocean,
So bright are thoughts of your memory
Filling a heart of devotion.

Refrain

Oh, days of love and longing—
Oh, nights of endless dreams,
When thoughts of you come thronging
And you are near—it seems
Ofttimes I wake and wonder
If dreams come true, and then,
Forever I would dream, dear,
For you're with me AGAIN.

I dream of eyes of the ocean's blue—
A voice as soft as dripping dew;
A heart as light as the evening mist—
A smile for only heaven's blest.

GREETINGS

Of all the joy this Yuletide brings
We're grateful through and through,
But best of all—with everything—
God sends us friends like you.

In thinking o'er my treasure store
Of gifts God gave to me,
One jewel bright dispels its light
In wondrous harmony;
This gift of light life's colors blend—
The gift—that I may call you friend.

Just for you—this little greeting;
Just to go where thoughts are meeting.
Just to wish you always near—
Heaps of love and Christmas cheer.

I'm wishing you the best in life—
The greatest joy—the least of strife.
I'm wishing, too, that you could see
How much your friendship means to me.
I wish that I could tell, somehow—
But then, a "Merry Christmas" now.

GREETINGS

Of all the days throughout the year
I'm sure there's none I hold more dear
Than this one, dearest Mother mine,
'Cause you're my sweetest Valentine.
I love the silver in your hair
In place of gold that once was there,
And in your face the loving lines
That make you best of Valentines.

Another year, like a cluster pearl,
You add this day, in life's busy whirl,
To the treasure store of loved ones true,
And they are glad God gave them you;
Pearls of good cheer and the smiles you wear—
Pearls of your good deeds everywhere;
May the years to come—the years you live,
O'erflow with the rarest of gifts you give.

Of you I'm thinking, Mother, dear,
Your date of birth is almost here;
And in this little gift and line
Please find my love—dear Mother mine.

PETALS OF ROSES

(Music by Paul van Katwijk)

Thru sweet-scented twilight love's pathway so
fair
Is leading me on to her garden so rare;
Love's garden of roses—oh, that you knew
Her petals of roses are my thoughts of you.

And nodding their tenderest welcome so
sweet—
Breathing their perfume that blows to my feet,
I thrill with their beauty, and know it is true
Like petals of roses are love thoughts of you.

I gather them gently, with tenderest care,
Breathing o'er each lovely petal this prayer,
Some day you may find as you wander here,
too.
These petals of roses—my love thoughts of
you.

AND THEN CAME YOU

(Music by Sol Cohen)

Love sought to find her treasure store—
Two yearning arms imploring her;
Two lips that breathe so tremblingly
What eyes of love alone can see;
Two eyes that well with tenderness
The love that lips can ne'er express.
Love looked the wide world over, too,
And then came you.

Weary the heartbeat in her breast—
Weary she sought, nor heeded rest.
Ofttimes in doubt Love's soul would weep—
Ofttimes her daydreams vanished sleep;
But well she knew that fairies blest
Would find and grant her burning quest;
Love knew that God was somewhere, too,
And then came YOU.

EYES OF YOU

Eyes that smile "I love you"—
Eyes that say you're true—
Eyes that breathe of love's awakening—
These are eyes of you.

Tenderly they tell me
Secrets long untold,
Guarded closely for my coming,
Sweetly they unfold.

Breadth of many lands, dear,
Depth of ocean's blue—
Ne'er can they reveal, dear,
Wealth in eyes of you.

SEARCHING

I've wandered far and long, dear,
Through valleys and o'er heights;
I've dreamed through dreamy twilights
For my moon of long, long nights.

Refrain

Searching for someone to love me—
Searching, it seemed all in vain;
But oh, when I knew something granted me you
It seemed that from heaven you came.

I've looked in fairy flowers
And breathed their perfume rare,
I've haunted, too, their bowers
Just perchance to find you there.

IF

One little word—so lightly spoken,
Yet makes a whole world glad or sad;
One vain regret or promise broken—
“If” would have brought to us joy instead.

Refrain

If you care, then, say you're sorry;
Tell me once again you're true.
Life is not regret and worry—
Life is only—loving you.

If, in your eyes, the love once beaming,
Chanced to forget, and gleam anew—
If I should wake to this from dreaming,
All else would fade into love for you.

LISTENING

I'm listening to something, dear, that holds you
Closely in my thoughts so tenderly;
Listening, too, I'm wondering how I found you
And was this joy all really meant for me?

Refrain

Let's listen on, together down life's pathway—
List'ning to the song that's ever new.
Listen, dear, all other thoughts have vanished;
I only list to love that echoes—you.

Then listen to my secret, and I'll tell you
All it means to know this hour of bliss;
Flowers droop for sunlight's warmth and
splendor
Then live again to meet his burning kiss.

ON THE WINGS OF LOVE

(Music by Sol Cohen)

In a wonderful garden of love, one day,
We planted a rose—you and I,
Our hearts were as light as a songbird's lay
On the wings of a butterfly.

The air all atune to its sweet perfume,
Seemed wafted by angels above,
Who bore us away with the fading of day
On their beautiful wings of love,

To tell all the flowers, the birds, and the trees,
The fairies of many fair lands,
Who gathered to whisper in words like these,
“It's only the touch of your hands.”

Dedicated by the Composer and Author
to Charles Wakefield Cadman,
From his Homecoming Tribute,
June second, Nineteen twenty-one.

THROUGHOUT ETERNITY

(Music by Vincent Rose)

Don't talk to me of "dreams come true,"
It's only mockery.
Oh, God! could I but touch her hand
'Twere more than Paradise to me.
She was my sun of cloudless skies—

My joy eternally;
And though she listens to his lies—
She's mine—through all eternity!

From the Light Opera
"Oh, That Spanish Fandango!"

WONDERING

(If you're wondering, too)

Dreaming of you in the twilight—
Dreaming of love, dear, and you;
Ever your eyes like the starlight—
Beaming they tell me you're true.

Refrain

Say it again, then, "I love you,"
Beautiful pearls of delight—
Dispelling the gray of the dawning—

Then, I awake from my dreaming
Wondering if dreams e'er come true—
Wondering if you ever miss me—
Wondering if you're wondering, too.
They drift through my dreams dear, at night.

YOUR KISS

One night as I lay sleeping
Under the starlit blue,
I dreamed a wonder-dream, dear,
I dreamed of love—and you.

You came to ease my yearning
So full of painful bliss—
You set love's passion burning
When love gave me your kiss.

Too sweet for earthly treasure—
Oh, happiness like this!
I dreamed—but not of love, dear,
Till love brought me your kiss.

MY GARDEN OF LOVE

You're as sweet as a rose, oh, my darling—
As sweet as the roses in June;
Your thoughts, like their velvety petals,
Are wafting to me love's perfume.

As a rose, with her soft tender petals,
Enfolds the sun's kiss to her heart,
Oh, soul of my love, I'm enfolding
Your vow that we never shall part.

To be with you always—forever—
To live love's devotion to prove—
To know that no power can sever
God's gift—from my garden of love.

ITALIAN EYES
(To "Baby" Rose)

Out of the depths of a soul so fair—
Welling the lovelight lingering there—
Telling a secret that lovers prize—
My beautiful, true, Italian eyes.

Fathom the depth of the ocean blue—
Follow the stars in your questing, too,
No gift like the love that in them lies;
My beautiful, true, Italian eyes.

Ever they follow where'er I go,
Hauntingly whisp'ring "I love you so."
Tenderly beaming—all doubt defies.
I love you—love you—Italian eyes!

ONLY A ROSE

Only the last rose of summer, perchance,
Or the first of love's springtime, maybe;
As fondly I hold you—so closely enfold you
For the sake of some dear memory.

Only a rose! what wonders are waking
As I gaze on your petals so fair;
Oh, would you would waft me where mem'ries
 are making
The perfume you tenderly share.

Only a rose—how subtle the meaning—
From your enchantment I wake with a start;
Softly—so silently something is whispering,
"Only a rose—yet, I live in your heart."

IT IS YOU

(Music by Chas. E. Pemberton)

If my pathway's strewn with roses—

It is you.

If I walk where love reposes

It is you.

If my gain exceeds my losses—

Have I strength for all my crosses?

It is you.

Have I lessened any pain—

Brought sunshine to hearts again?

If my life's not lived in vain—

It is you.

LET'S GO BACK

Let's go back to thy cabin in the hills,
Where the songbird with his trills—
Where the moonlight ever teasing,
Makes your dreams and slumber pleasing—
There in our cabin in the hills.

Where the golden streams are running—
Where the canyon bees are humming—
Where there's nothing for tomorrow—
Where there's not a care to borrow—
There in our cabin in the hills.

Let's go back to thy cabin in the hills,
Where your heart with freedom thrills;
Where the sun through shadows streaming
Fills the very air with dreaming—
There—in our cabin in the hills.

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